

MILLION DOLLAR NIGHT TO USHER 1910 OUT, 1911 IN

That is the Estimated Cost of To-Night's Celebration in New York.

STRANGERS HERE TO SEE Hotel and Restaurant Tables Taken and Speculators Expect Harvest.

Plans are complete to-day for the welcome of 1911, and along Broadway the prediction is made that more food will be eaten, more champagne, or absinthe and more money spent than ever before, which will be a greeting worthy of any New Year.

First Deputy District in his final instructions to Manhattan inspectors and Captains told them to impress upon the policemen that the use of ticklers and confetti will not be tolerated, and that the lock step and flying wedge and all other forms of rowdism are "absolutely" prohibited. There will be no vehicular traffic on Lower Broadway in the vicinity of Trinity Church.

Somewhere near 100,000 men and women will be found at the tables of the various hotels and restaurants when the clock begins. Reservations indicate that the addition of four big new restaurants since last New Year will not relieve the pressure at other places. All will have about all they can accommodate.

At some of the hotels it is reported that hundreds of strangers are here just to see Pa Knickerbocker's celebrated party of ushers in the youngsters, for it is in a class all by itself.

A Sight for Strangers. It is understood that the demand for a sight of this exhilarating demonstration has become so great men are speculating in supper table reservations, and no doubt will be able to dispose of them at their own figures long before the crowds get at their noisies. Many of the eating places will give away handsome souvenirs imported for the occasion.

Of course there will be noise all right, but the "official" ticket will begin at 11 P. M. There are some pleasant surprises in the way of noise making novelties this year, and they will be introduced in most of the leading restaurants. They will not include the orchestras, the soloists and the quartets.

Long before midnight merry men and lively women, wearing funny things on their heads and jangling cowbells, tambourines and clinking glasses, will distract themselves with no thought of the headache of the morrow.

At 11:30, to the popping of countless corks, the lights in all the gilded palaces will go out. Some will sing, perhaps a trifle unsteadily. "Auld Lang Syne," others will shout "Good-bye, old year, good-bye," and a few may try to recite "Ring Out the Old Year and Ring in the New Year." There will be plenty of ringing all right.

Thirtieth Must Order Early.

The liquids will flow freely for those who have the price. There is no disposition on the part of city officials to interfere with any one's pleasure in extending whatever kind of a greeting he chooses, provided he does not violate the law. To get around the excise restrictions all orders for drinks will be given before midnight, but the average New Year celebrant in New York does not like to look like a piler.

Among the souvenirs to be given away are gold-mounted pocketknives, velvet bags with gold pencil and mirror by James B. Regan of the Hotel Knickerbocker; gilt bonbon boxes in movable frame so that they can be carried by the guests of the Hotel Plaza; gilt powder boxes with mirrors by the management of the Hotel Manhattan; gilt hand mirrors with red parrots as the novelties of the Buxton Brothers of the Cafe des Beaux Arts at West Fortieth street and Sixth avenue, have for their women patrons.

Million to Be Spent. In Macy's restaurant, in Thirtieth street, when the lights go down at 11:30, Father Time will appear with his scythe and cut out the old year, while a little Cupid heralds in the New Year. The new shanley's will have a novel show, including a battle of flowers for its patrons.

It is estimated that for suppers, flowers, theatres, when cigars and champagne fully a million dollars will be spent here before dawn to-morrow. As to the noise, well to the chiming will be added the usual din raised by the thousands of horns, a slightly smaller number of gongs, bells and whistles, innumerable steamboat noise devices and everything else that can raise a racket on land or sea.

In the Hotel Rector the proprietor, Charles E. Rector, is making special preparations, but is not going to try to take care of a great number of guests. Louis Martin's new restaurant at Broadway and Forty-second street and the Cafe Madrid will put on several specialties. At the Plaza Hotel the lights will go out just before midnight and be turned on again when twelve strikes. The guests will wear masks. Masks will be worn on the Cafe Bazaar also. There will be no illumination from 11:30 o'clock until midnight, when an electric figure will appear as a sign that 1911 is on the job.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Morning Wonders.

Christie MacDonald Tells About a Lemon That Turned Out to Be a Grapefruit

All It Needed Was the Chance, Coupled With Miss MacDonald, to Make "The Spring Maid" the Talk of the Town.

That's How She Comes to Have a Story Which She Gleefully Tells—Singer Not the Least Bit Like Other Prima Donnas.

BY CHARLES DARTON

YOU'VE heard the latest definition of a grapefruit—a lemon that has had a chance? Well, this is another story of the same kind. The point is that it's the best story Miss Christie MacDonald tells. She thinks it so good, in fact, that when she has a few friends in for breakfast and the maid asks, "Shall I serve grapefruit?" Miss MacDonald, with a Scotch sense of humor rather than a Scotch sense of thrift, invariably replies, "No, I'll tell my lemon story instead." Believe this or not, you must believe the story.

"Now, this lemon," related Miss MacDonald, with a twinkle in her eye, "didn't come from Italy. It hailed—should I say, hatched?—from Germany, and for months lay hidden in the bottom tray of Andreas Dippel's trunk. Then one day the former director of the Metropolitan Opera-House took it out and handed it to Charlie Dillingham. After looking at it with the hopeful eye of a manager, Mr. Dillingham thought it might be turned into something that would be good for Fritz Scheff's throat. But Miss Scheff shook her head, and so Mr. Dillingham, looking a bit foolish and feeling more so, was left with the lemon on his hands. Finally, he consulted George Marion, a connoisseur of stage fruit, who looked very grave until Mr. Dillingham informed him that two young managers had asked for the fruit that they might present it to a Scotch lassie. Whereupon Mr. Marion smiled, and Mr. Dillingham smiled, and the deed was done. And on Christmas night the two young managers unloaded the lemon on little old New York under the name of 'The Spring Maid'—and it proved to be a grapefruit!"

Not Like Other Prima Donnas. Miss MacDonald had left out the best part of the story—herself. Although her success in "The Spring Maid" is the talk of the town, she was inclined to remain silent on the subject. One of the nice things about her is that she doesn't put on any prima donna airs. She talks as naturally as she sings.

"I could sing when I was no higher than a rabbit," she said. "I went to hear all the 'grand' singers that came to Boston, and then one day I slipped out and listened into Francis Wilson's room. An actor's wife remarked, 'You are not big enough for the stage.' But he gave me a chance in the chorus."

And she rose from the chorus to the exalted position of prima donna in a single night? No, Geraldine, she did not. Miss Christie MacDonald is an exception to the general rule followed in "The Spring Maid."

"I worked like a beaver," she declared, "and before Mr. Wilson spoke to me again I could sing all the prima donna's music. But I didn't become famous overnight. I never was famous. But one day Miss Lola Glaser was unable to go, and Mr. Wilson gave me a shove. And it seems as though some good fairy has been showing me ever since. Three years ago I was with Mr. Wilson. Then I sang in ever so many pieces—'Princess Chio,' 'The Toreador,' and about a hundred others."

And Why Not Grand Opera? Yes, she mentioned "The Mikado," though, as you'll agree, there was no need for her to mention it. Even New York remembers some things.

"I've been on Broadway more times than I have fingers and toes," Miss MacDonald recalled, "but nobody ever seemed to care much about it. I've never had my name on Broadway in electric letters, though I'm told it can now be seen from Broadway with a fountain playing all over it. What next, I wonder?"

"Grand opera?" "Maybe, when I grow up to be as handsome as my favorite prima donna."

"Madame Sembrich, of course. I have a host of friends among the opera folk. The late Gilbert was one of my first coaches. I have always studied in the French school. When I went abroad last summer I rushed straight to Mme. Adini. No, not for gowns. Mme. Adini doesn't make dresses; she makes voices. She has done a lot for me. Who did the rest? Well, much is due to Mr. Wilson, and another much to George Marion, and still much more to 'The Spring Maid.' You see," she added, "with that glance she used to carry her around the ends on the stage, I can't help ringing in my operetta whenever you give me an opening."

A Fixed, Not a Shooting Star. "And now you're all settled?"

"If you mean I am a fixed and not a shooting star—I hope so! But as for being settled, if that's what you call what I've done so far these holidays, I hope I shall never know what it means to be busy. We rehearsed thirty-six hours straight before our Monday night opening, and since then I've been at rehearsal every morning at ten-thirty. But this has been the happiest week of my life. Do you know, I cried all over the place Tuesday morning. I was so happy! It was when they woke me up with the flowers that had been sent me the night before. I sat on the floor and read the cards tied to the bunches of



Theatres to Start New Year With Six New Productions

The List Includes Dustin Farnum in "The Silent Call," Ethel Barrymore in "Trelawny of the Wells," "Marriage à la Carte," a Musical Comedy; "Over Night," Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess," and Marie Tempest in "Vanity Fair."

ANOTHER rush of new plays will be led next week by "The Silent Call," in which Dustin Farnum comes to the Broadway Theatre on Monday afternoon. The play tells the story of the spruce man's son, and the author, Ralph Milton Rowe, has retained several of the characters that figured in his earlier play, "The Snake Man." Little Hal, as may be remembered, was the son of an Englishman and an Indian woman. The last heard of him in "The Snake Man" he was heading for England, presumably. Apparently the air of England didn't agree with Hal, for in the new play the half-breed has returned to "the silent call" and is back in the neighborhood of Red Butte Ranch, facing the toughs, helping out the rodeo, breaking up crooked work of asphalt agents and making the same sort of love his father used to make. Mr. Farnum will appear in one of his familiar cowboy roles, and other parts will be played by George Fawcett, Theodore Roberts, W. L. Hart, Rosalind O'Neil and Maud Hosford.

Miss Ethel Barrymore returns to the Empire Theatre on Monday night in a revival of Henry's "Trelawny of the Wells." This will be Miss Barrymore's first appearance as Rose Trelawny, the queen of the old Ragmug-Weils Theatre, London. The supporting cast will include Constance Collier, Louise Brown, Maud Milton, Charles Dalton, Charles Milward and Lawrence Forsyth.

"Marriage à la Carte," a musical comedy by C. M. S. McLeod and Ivan Caryll, will be brought out at the Casino on Monday night, with Emma Wehlen, a Viennese beauty, and Harry Connor in the principal roles. The company will also include four London ladies, girls—Lisa Ryan, Rosina Henry and Diane O'Neil. The lady with the matrimonial habit is thus described by her son Jimmy: "Twenty years ago my mother, Mrs. Wragge, married Napoleon Pettigull. In three years Napoleon took to the woods. There were two children, a boy and a girl. Pettigull took away the girl and left the boy behind. I was the boy. Mother got a divorce, and then she heard that father died. So she married Ponsbury, the Countess Wragge. Then Wragge took to the woods." Miss Wehlen will have the role of a wire-walker in a circus. Mr. Caryll will conduct the orchestra at the opening performance.

Another new musical comedy which will have its opening performance on Monday night is "The Slim Princess," in which Elsie Janis comes to the Globe Theatre.

"Over Night," a farcical comedy by

Philip H. Bartholomew, will be produced at the Herald Theatre on Monday night. The first act takes place on a Hudson River steamer, and the other two are at a country hotel on the west side of the Hudson above Poughkeepsie. The story deals with the mishaps of two young couples on their honeymoons. The husband of one and the wife of the other are left at a landing, and the re-

maining husband and wife, to avoid comment, pretend to be married. In the company will be Margaret Lawrence, Jean Newcombe, Grace Griswold, Norma Winslow, Teresa Deagle, Max Freeman, Herbert A. Voss, Robert Kelly, Wallace Worley and Arthur Aylsworth.

Marie Tempest will appear at the New Theatre on next Saturday evening in "Vanity Fair," a comedy by Compton Gordon-Lennox and Robert Hichens, founded on Thackeray's story. The part of Capt. Crawley will be played by Graham Brooks, who has been associated with Marie Tempest in London, and that of the Marquis of Steyne by Albert Brunning. Others in the cast will be William McVay, Louis Calvert, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Rose Corbhan, Olive Wyndham and Thale Lantow.

"Old Heidelberg" will be given at a New Year's matinee, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evening and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. "The Thunderbolt" will be the bill Tuesday and Friday evenings.

William Gillette moves to the Criterion Theatre on Monday evening to continue his faraway performances for three weeks. The first two weeks will be devoted to "Secret Service."

A performance of "The Light Princess," a dramatization by Clara Louise Burnham of her novel of that name, will be given at the Bijou Theatre on Friday afternoon. Robert Dempster will head a cast that includes Evelyn Varden, Grace Hoyt, Frances Hoyt, Maudie Gilbert, Charles Lane and Walter Young.

The first performance at the Berkeley Theatre of the two morality plays, "Man and Beast" and "The Second Shepherd's Play," has been postponed to Wednesday evening.

"The Girl in the Taxi" comes to the Grand Opera House. "The Midnight Sons" will be at the Circle Theatre. Marie Dill in "Judy Fergo" will be the attraction at the West End Theatre. Rose Sydel and her "London Belles" will be seen at the Columbia. "The Murray Hill Theatre" will have "The Bowery Boogie" and "The Bowery Boogie" will be at Hartig & Seamon's. At the Metropolitan Theatre will be "The Bowery Boogie." "The Gipsy Girls" come to the Olympia.

VAUDEVILLE ATTRACTIONS. At Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre will be Valeria Surratt in a new musical sketch, "Merion and Moore." Bernard and Yvette, violinists, Harry Brown and others. Andrew Mack will head the bill at the Manhattan Opera House. Others will be Bella Fox, Yvonne and Adams, Belle Hernandez, and Flo Irwin and company in "At the Ball." Vesta Victoria will be the principal attraction at the American Music Hall, where the bill will also include Joe Welch in "At the Ball," the Ziegner Quartette and Renee Graham. Among others at the Plaza Music Hall will be George Jackson, Monte Emery and Moore. The "Georgia Campers" and Karno's Comedians in "The Woe Wags." The English pantomime "Harpington" will be a special holiday feature. The Fifth Avenue Theatre will have Carrie De Mar, Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. Homer Miles in "On a Side Street." "A Night in a Turkish Bath" and Marshall Montgomery, ventriloquist. Gertrude Hoffmann's "New Recruit" remains for another week at the Columbia. Where other features will be Jane Courtship in "Lucky Jim," George Austin Moore, Louis McConnell and Grant Blinn in "A Night in a Turkish Bath" and others at the Alhambra will be Master Gabriel in "Tommy Tucker's Dog," Roland West in "The Underworld," Mabel Berry, singing comedienne, Clay Smith and the Melnotte Quartet, and the Big City Four. The bill at the Bronx Theatre will include Eva Tangany in new songs, Mike Reynolds, ventriloquist, Gordon Elford and company in "Won by a Tag," Raymond and Cavery, Sharkey, Gesler and Lewis and the Pederson Brothers.

NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL

How Young Drexel of Chicago Dares Much for Love of a Princess.

"None older in Chicago."

"YOU are of an old family, then?" "None older in Chicago." Before indulging the temptation to an American to these simple words one is to reflect that the situation has a tension all its own. Drexel is from Chicago. He is young and impulsive. He is in Russia. He is talking to a young woman whom he has never seen before, and is offering her everything in life, including a share in the royalty that is to fall upon him with his uncle's street railway millions. And she—the "woman in brown" of Chapter I, in Leroy Scott's "The Shears of Destiny" (Doubleday, Page & Co.)—is a beautiful revolutionist whom he has first seen only a few brief hours before his declaration.

The meeting has happened on a railway train. The woman has slipped into Drexel's compartment. A bearded captain of gendarmes has followed, demanding her passport.

"John, dear," she says, turning on Drexel her wonderful eyes and a miraculous smile, and speaking in purest English, "that bothersome passport must have been packed in among your things."

Drexel takes the cue. Who wouldn't? He becomes John Davis, New York, U. S. A., and the lady is Mary, his wife, and Mr. Scott's story is on. It is a story of plots, counterplots, spies and overplots, and one quickly discovers that Drexel's woman in brown is a princess of the land, plotting both for her country's cause and for the rescue from prison of a revolutionist brother.

Into the current plunges Drexel, drawn by love. And the first enemy he makes is that Prince Herloff, whose contemplated wedding to his cousin Alice is the reason of the young Chicagoan's visit to Russia. Alas, well! Princes propose and revolutionists dispose—at least in popular books. However, the Prince does put Drexel in a tight corner or two, and almost into the hands of the executioner before a chance offers itself discreetly for slipping back to Cook County.

It would be unfair not to mention the Countess Harnavon. She is beautiful, a widow and a spy. For some reason she would have betrayed Drexel. But when on the point of earning her money she falls in love with the dashing American. The knowledge of her fierce passion comes to her at the exact moment when she and Drexel, riding across the level land behind a tired horse, are about to be overtaken by the murderous Cossacks she has known to be on the trail. She saves Drexel in haste and repents of her treason to suffering Russia at leisure.

As for Drexel and his princess—they wait on Russia to-morrow.

Angela Finds Father and Lover and Thwarts a Scoundrel.

RALPH FROBISHER'S villainies make up an awful sum. They fill pages and pages of Lillie Bell's new book, "Angela's Quest" (Duffield & Co.). But they interest Angela only indirectly. She wants merely to find her father. And this she does, having found her mother first.

That she finds a good strong lover, too, is an incident.

Angela comes to herself in a convent not hopelessly far from Baltimore. She discovers that she is a prisoner, marked to be handled with care, made to believe she is fifteen years old when she is eighteen. Then she escapes, with the connivance of a friendly nun, and takes the trail which leads her into New York, into the house of Frothington and into the heart of Ayres Arbuthnot.

Mrs. Bell provides melodrama freely in elaborating her story. Frothington has ruined Angela's father, stealing his parents, sending him finally to a madhouse, banishing him finally to a desert island. He tries to complete his mischief by kidnapping Angela herself on his yacht. One must be properly trained for the intervention of Arbuthnot, an heir to millions, trying his hand at independence and newspaper work.

Love in To Make White Roses Bloom in a Texas Garden.

THROUGH A TEXAS GARDEN, an epilogue, one comes to the belief that Court Morgan's garden plot in Texas is going to bloom all right with the flowers he desires with all his heart.

Does one ask what flowers these may be? Let him consult the title, "White Roses" (Duffield & Co.), of Katherine Holland Brown's latest book. This is the story of Corinna, who comes down to her engineering cousin's construction camp in the Lone Star State and who is vaguely described in the prologue as "a Smith College graduate, and her hair is bronze, not red, and she is the prettiest girl in the State of New Jersey."

Having dinnies besides. Corinna is courted by Jerry, who is too young, and by Paige Fairfax, who is too inconsiderate and first-familial. Sir Augustus, from England, repels her by his British solidity after he has dined her with a scant stopping of a runaway team. President Hill, a university bright light, leaves her in a motor car to the tender mercies of a quicksand while he causes a rare butterfly. Dr. Appleton, having won her to tenderness by his care of a Mexican sick baby, loses his opportunity when he confesses that the case and not the child interests him.

But Morgan—he is straight and tall and sincere and blue-eyed and loyal, and a bit of a mystery. He sends her her pardon in a singularly deep and appealing voice when he interrupts Corinna's solitude on the day of her unexpected arrival at a hotel in Texas. It may be as well to confess that, while all Corinna's lovers are handsome, it is Morgan alone who is in the epilogue and that it is he who will make the flower bloom in the garden.

Plenty of bright conversation in "White Roses" and house parties at the palatial bungalow of the Walshe.

Mathewson Saves Daddy's Railway and Wins a Little Harder. "I could be pulled off as easily in fact as it is in fiction, this would be a cold world for wicked creators of combines and concoctors of corners. And a great deal of comfort for lay readers would depart from such books as 'The Yardsick Man' (Appletons), by Arthur Goodrich."

In Mr. Goodrich's romance, Roger Mathewson comes out of the West like young Lochinvar, but to a different end. He is going to save a railroad for Daddy, who is his adopted father. The wreckers were after the line. Their grip is almost secure. But Roger arrives with the advantage of being unexpected, and before the conspirators have fully discovered who's who, they're up a flue. Let Mr. Goodrich tell how it is done. Let him explain, too, how the yardsick man is not Mathewson, but the chief visible figure in the wrecking crew.

However, make no mistake. Railroads are not the all-in-all of Mr. Goodrich's book. In the house of Jones, broker, where Roger expects to find an ally and where he discovers an active foe, the Westerner meets Mabel Wright, the old preacher's daughter, companion to Mrs. Jones. Right away she is "little dicker." In the last chapter—well, it's a mighty pretty love story as it stands.

How a Duke's Daughter Proposed to a Popular Bachelor Novelist. "O course that is the only thing I can do," says Esmé. "I shall have to marry."

"Indeed," responds St. George, his voice dry and emotionless, "and whom shall you marry?" Esmé frowns impatiently. Her face is very pale. "You, of course," she says, with impatience. "You are willing, are you not?"

The situation is not suggested to raise the ethical question of woman's right to propose. It is made plausible in Herbert Flowerdew's romance with a bad title, "The Second Engagement" (Brentano's).

The moment is critical for St. George. He knows that he is in love. He knows that he is willing. But he feels that his hour is not yet come. He is for the time being the chivalrous protector of the sweet young English person for whom he has made a place in the crowded quiet of the ticket office window; to whom, in her penitential state, he has advanced the price of a first-class ticket from Westgate to London; for whom he has provided the fiction of a place as his secretary at thirty shillings per week.

St. George has won from the girl her story, but not her name. She desists from what was to have been her forced marriage. She is determined to earn her own way in the world. Of that world

she knows nothing. "I have never bought anything for myself in my life," she confesses, "except, of course, pictures, postcards and chocolates and things like that." And in all maiden simplicity she has made the offer which would shake convention.

For love's sake, St. George does the duty of a gentleman. His rejection of a marriage of last resort is prompt and persistent. His argument for love as the first and only motive is conclusive. He is firm as any hills until—

"How can I know what I should feel if you don't kiss me?" asks the maid intolerantly and with her pretty flush.

Then—who can blame him? He has to learn later that Esmé is the daughter of a rich and mighty duke, that her husband-to-be has been a prince and that love has some trouble in getting the last laugh on waste. But being a novelist himself, he must realize the power and frequent necessity of the happy ending.

A SAFE MEDICINE FOR THE CHILDREN

When the children have a cold or cough or when they have a sore throat, mothers should be careful never to give them anything containing alcohol or dangerous drugs. Because it does not contain these things or alcohol in any form, John's Medicine is a safe medicine to give the children. Thousands of mothers use it in their homes right along. It has a history of 30 years of success in the treatment of coughs, colds and lung troubles, as well as a tonic and body builder for those who are weak and run down. Get a bottle today.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Anty Drudge

Anty Drudge—"What? eating dinner in this steamy, smelly kitchen? I should think it would take your appetite away."

Mrs. Slow—"I have noticed that George doesn't eat much on washdays."

Anty Drudge—"How can he? Why don't you use Fels-Naptha? Boiling water isn't necessary; and you'll be through your wash plenty of time to have dinner in the dining-room. Or if you prefer the kitchen, there will be no steam or bad smells."

Talk about energy!

A half cake of Fels-Naptha soap can display more energy in getting rid of dirt in half an hour than an able-bodied woman can in half a day.

But there's this difference: Much of the woman's energy is wasted.

When she rubs clothes hard on a washboard she wears out the clothes in trying to rub out the dirt.

Fels-Naptha concentrates its energy on the dirt—dissolves it into tiny particles that are easily rinsed away—without harming the most delicate fabric.

And it does this in cool or lukewarm water, without hot water or boiling, summer or winter.

Do you prefer to supply the dirt-removing energy yourself or to use that stored up in a cake of Fels-Naptha?

If you choose the easier and better way, follow directions on the red and green wrapper.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures Lumbago

Radway's Ready Relief should be well rubbed over the sore surface until a glow is produced, with a burning sensation. Few cases require the Radway Pills. Some do, when a dose on retiring should be taken.

Ask for RADWAY'S READY RELIEF and be sure you get what you ask for.

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